Interpretation K. 2

¶ Here foloweth the Interpretacyon of the na
mes of goddys and goddelles as is reherled
in this treatyle folowyng as Poetes wryte.

Phebus is as moche to sey as the Sonne
Apollo is the same or ellys God of lyght
Morpheus — Shewer of dremes
Pluto — God of helle
Mynos — Juge of helle
Cerberus — Porter of helle
Eolus the wynde or God of the Eyre
Dyana Goddesse of wode and Chace
Phebe the Mone or Goddesse of wateres
Aurora Goddesse of the morowe or the spryn-
ge of the daye
Mars — God of batayll
Jupyter — God of wysdome
Juno — Goddesse of rychesse
Saturne — God of colde
Ceres — Goddesse of corne
Cupydo — God of loue
Othea — Goddesse of wysdome
Fortune — The varyaũt Goddesse
Pan — God of shepardis
Alys — Goddesse of frute
Neptunus — God of the see
Mynerue — Goddesse of the batayll
or of haruest

Bachus	God of wyne
Mercurius	God of langage
Venus	Goddesse of loue
Dyscorde	Goddesse of debate and
Attropos	Dethe (strife

¶ Here endeth the Interpretacyon of the names of Goddys and Goddesses as is reherced in the tretyse folowyng as poetes wryte.

Whay Phebus in the crabbe had
nere his cours ronne
And toward the Leon his Jour
ney gan take
To loke on pytagoras spere I
had bgonne
Sytting all solytary allone beside a lake
Musing on a maneer how that I myght make
Reason and sensualyte in one to accorde
But I coude not bring about that monacorde

For longe er I myght slepe me gan oppresse
So ponderously I coude make none obstacle
In myne hede was fall suche ay heuynesse
I was fayne to drawe to myne habytacle
To rowne with a pylow me semyd best tryacle
Soo leyde I me downe my dysease to releue
Anone cam in Morpheus & toke me by the sleue

GRAM. BR. MVS.

And as I soo laye halfe in a traunce
Twene slepyng and wakyng he bad me aryse
For he sayd I must yeue attendaunce
To the grete Courte of Mynos the Justyce
We nought auayled ayene hym to sylogyse
For hit is oft sayd by hem that yet lyues
He must nedes go that the deuell dryues

Whay I see noo better. but I must go

I layd I was redy at his cõmaundement
whether that he wolde me lede to or fro
Soo vp I arose and forth with hym wente
Tyll he had me brought to the parlyament
where Pluto late and kepte his estate
And with hym Mynos the Juge desperate

But as we thyderwarde went by the waye
I hym besought his name me to tell
Morpheus he layd thou me call maye
A syr layd I thay where doo ye dwell
In heuen or in erthe eyther elys in hell
Nay he layd myn abydyng moost comonly
Is in a lytyll corner called fantasy

And as soone as he these wordes had layd
Cerberus the porter of hell with his cheyne
Brought theder Tolus in ragges euyll arayd
Agayn whom Neptun⁹ & Dyana dyd cõpleyne
Sayeng thus O Mynos thou Juge souereyne
Gyue thy cruell Jugemẽt ayen this traytour so
That we may haue cause to preyse thy lord Plu
cio

They was there made a proclamacyon
In plutoos name cõmaunded sylence
Vpon the payne of strayte correccyon
That Dyana & Neptun⁹ might haue audyence
To declare her greef of the grete offence

To theym do by Colus wherby they cõpleyned
And to begynne Dyana was contreyned

whiche thus begay as ye shall here
Sayeng in this wyse O thou lord Pluto
with thy Inge Mynos lyttyng with the in fere
Execute youre fury vpon Colus so
Accordyng to the offence that he to me hath do
That I haue noo cause forther to apele
whiche yf I do shall not be for your wele

Remembre fyrste how I a goddesse pure
Ouer all desertes. forestes and chaces
Haue take the guydyng and vnder my cure
This traytour Colus hath many of my places
Destroyed with his blastes & dayly me manaces
where ony wood is he shall make it pleyne
If he to his lyberte maye resorte ageyne

The gretest trees that ony may may fynde
Iy forest to shade the deere for her comfort
he breketh hē alondre or rendeth hē rote & rynde
Dute of the erthe this is his dysport
Soo that the deere shall haue noo resort
within short tyme to noo maner shade
where thorugh the game is lykly to fade

whiche to myn name a reproche synguler.

Sholde be for euer whyle the worlde last
And to all the goddis ay hyghe dyspleser
To see the game soo dystroyed by his blast
wherfore a remedye puruey in hast
And lete hym be punysshed after his offence
Consyder the cryme.and yeue your sentence

And whan thus Dyana had made her cõpleynt
To Mynos the Juge in Plutoos presence
Came forth Neptun⁹ with vysage pale & feyne
Delyryng of fauour to haue audyence
Sayeng thus Pluto to thy magnyfycence
I shall reherse what this creature
Colus hath done me out of mesure

Thou knowest well that I haue the charge
Ouer all the see.and therof god I am
Noo shyp maye sayle.keruell boot nor barge
Grete harybe.nor hulke with ony lyuyng man
But yf he haue my sauecondupte than
who me offendeth within my Jurysdiccyon
Dweth to submyt hym to my correccyon

But in almeshyll as hit is now soo
That ye hym here haue as your pryssonere
I shall you shewe.my complaynt loo
wherfore I praye you that ye wyll hit here
And lete hym not escape out of your daungere

Tyll he haue made full feethe and recompence
For hurt of my name thrugh this grete offence

Fyrste to begynne. this Colus hath ofte
Made me to retourne my courle agayn nature
with his grete blaſtys whan he hath be a lofte
And charged me to labour ferre out of meſure
That it was grete meruayle how I myght ens
The corn of my ſwete wyll it tellyfye dure
That on the ſee banhes lythe betey full hye

Secondly where as my nature is
Both to ebbe & flowe and ſo my courle to kepe
Ofte of myne entente hath he made me mys
where as I ſholde haue fylled dykes depe
At a full water I myght not theder crepe
Before my ſealon came to retourne ageyne
And thay went I faſter thay I wolde certeyne

Thus he hath me dryuen ayen myn entent
And contrary to my courle naturall
where I ſhold haue be he made me be abſent
To my grete dyſhonoure & in eſpecyall
Do thyng he vſed that worſt was of all
For where as I my ſauegarde graunted
Ay in that coſt he comonly haunted

Of verrey pure malyce and of ſylfewyll

Theyth to dyllroye ty dyppyte of me
To whome I promyſed both ty good and yll
To be her protectour ty all aduerſyte
That to theym ſholde fall vpon the lee
And euey lodeynly er they coude beware
with a lodeyn pyry he lapped hem ty care

And full ofte ſyth with his boyſtous blaſt
Er they myght be ware. he droſe hē ov ꝑ lande
And otherwhyle he brake toop leyle & maſt
whiche cauſed theȳ to perylſhe er they cam to lā
Theycurſed they ꝑ tyme ꝑ euer they me fāde ode
Thus among the people loſt is myy name
And ſoo by his labour put I am to ſhame

Conſyder this mater and ponder my cauſe
Tendre my compleynt as rygour requyreth
Shewe forth your ſentence with a breef clauſe
I may not long tarye the tyme faſt eppyreth
The offence is grete wherfore hit deſyreth
The more greuous payne and haſty Jugement
For offence done wylfully wyll none auyſement

And whā ꝑ god pluto a whyle had hē bethought
He rowned vñ Mynos to know what was to do
They he ſayd openly lokr thou fayle nought
Thy ſentence to yeue without fauour ſo
Lyke as thou haſt herd the cauſes meuyd the to

And so euenly dele twene thele partyes tweyn
That none of hem haue cale oy ꝑ other cõpleyn

They sayd Mynos full Indyfferently
To Dyana & Neptunus. is there ony more
That ye wyll declare agayn hym openly
Nay ly dede they sayd we kepe none ly store
we haue sayd ynough to punysshe hym fore
Jf ye ly this mater be not parcyall
Remembre your name was wonte to be egall

well thay sayd Mynos now let vs here
what this boystous Colus for hymselfe can saye
for here Prima facie. to vs dooth apere
That he hath offended noo may cay say naye
wherfore thou Colus without more delaye
Shape vs ay answerr to thyne acculement
And ellys J muste procede vpon thy Jugement

And euen as Colus was onwarde to haue sayd
for his excuse. came ly a messengere
fro god Apollo. to Pluto and hym prayd
On his behalfe that he without daungere
wolde to hym come & bryng with hym in fere
Dyana and Neptunus vnto his banket
And yf they dysdeyned hymselfe he wold hē fet

Moreouer he sayd to the god Apolla

Delyred to haue relpyte of the Jugement
Of Colus bothe of Mynos and Pluto
So Dyana & Neptunus were therwith content
And yt they were dylpoled to allent
That he myght come vnto his presence
He hit delyred to know his offence

what ley ye herto layd Pluto to hem tweyn
wyll ye bothe allente that hit shall be thus
ye layd the goddelle for my parte certeyn
And I allo layde this Neptunus
I am well pleased quod this Colus
And whan they had a whyle th⁹ togyder spoke
Pluto commaunded the courte to be broke

And thay togeder went they in fere
Pluto and Neptunus ledyng the goddelle
whome folowed Cerberus with his pryloners
And alder laste with grete heuynelle
Came I and Morpheus to the forterelle
Of the god Appollo vnto his banket
where many goddys and goddelles met

whan Apollo see that they were come
He was ryght glad and prayed hem to lyt
Nay layd Dyana this is all and lome
ye shall me pardone I shall not lyt yet
I shall tyrste know why Colus abyte

And what execucyon shall on hym be do
for his offence. well sayd Apollo

Madame ye shall haue all youre pleysere
Syth that hit wyll none other wyse be
But fyrste I you praye let me the mater here
why he is brought in this perplexite
well sayd Pluto. that shall ye soone se
And say to declare euery by and by
Bothe her complayntes ordynatly

And whan Apollo had herde the reporte
Of Pluto in a maner smylyng he sayde
I see well Colus. thou hast small comforte
Thy selfe to excuse thou mayste be dysmayde
To here soo grete complayntis ayene the sayde
That notwithstondyng yf thou can ley ought
for thyne one vele. ley and tary nought

Forsothe sayd Colus yf I had relpyte
Her to ay answere cowde I counterfete
But to haue her grace more is my delyte
wherfore I praye you all for me entrete
That I may by your requeste her good grace gete
And what payne or greef ye for me prouyde
without ony grutchyng I shall hit abyde

Loo good Madame sayd god Apollo

Nota

what maye he doo more but lewe to your grace
Beholde how the teeres from his eyen go
But is satysfaccyon halfe for his trespace
Now glorious goddesse shewe your pyteous face
To this poore prysoner at my requeste
All we for your honour thynke thus is beste

And yf hit lyke you to doo in this wyse
And to forgeue hym clerely his offence
One thyng suerly I wyll you promyse
Yf he ofte rebelle and make resystence
Or disobey vnto your sentence
For euery tree that he maketh fall
Out of the erthe.ay hundred aryse shall

Soo that your game shall not dyscrease
For lacke of shade I dare vndertake
well syr Apollo sayd she than wyll I cease
Of all my rancour and mercy with you make
And than god Neptunus of his mater spake
Sayeng th⁹ Apollo though Dyana hym relese
Yet shall he flie to me to haue his pese

A sayd Apollo ye wende I had forgete
you for my lady Dyana the goddesse
Nay thynke not soo.for I wyll you entrete
As well as hyr without long processe
wyll ye agree that Phebus your maystresse

Maye haue the guydyng of your varyaunce
I shall abyde quod he.her ordynaunce

well thay quod Apollo.I praye you goddis all
And goddesses ehe that be here present
That ye companably wyll a boorde fall
Nay thay layd Othea.hit is not conuenyent
A dew ordre in euery place is expedyent
To be had wherfore ye may not let
To be your owne marchall at your owy bähet

And whay Apollo see hit wolde none other be
He called to hym Aurora the goddesse
And layd though ye wepe yet shall ye before me
Ay kepe your course and put your selfe in prelle
Soo he her let fyrst at his owne melle
with her moyst clothes with teres all be spreynt
The medewes in may shew therof her cõpleynt

Next her sat Mars myghty god and stronge
with a flamme of fyre enuyrounde all aboute
A crowy of proy oy his hede a spere in his hõde
Hit semyd by his chere as he wold haue fought
And next vnto hym as I perceue mought
Sate the goddesse Dyana in a mantell fyne
Of blach sylke purfyly with poudryd hermyne

Lyke as he had take the mantell and the ryng,

Nota

And next vnto hyr arayed royally
Sate the god Jupyter iy his demenyng
Full sad and wyle he semed syberly
A crowne of tynne stood oy his hede
And that I recorde of all phylolophres
That lytyll store of Coyne kepe iy her cofres

Joyned to hym iy lyttyng next there was
The goddesse Juno full rychely beseene
Iy a sercote that shone as bryght as glas
Of goldsmythes werke w' spagles wrought be
Of royal rychesse wated she none I wene (dene
And next by her sate the god Saturne
That oft sythe causeth many one to morne

But he was clad.me thought straungely
For of frost and snowe was all his aray
Iy his honde he helde a sawchoy all bloody
Hit semyd by his chete as he wold make a fray
A bawdryk of Jyphles aboute his neck gay
He had.and aboue ay hyghe oy his hede
Couchyd w' hayle stones he wered a crowne of
clede

And next iy ordre was set by his syde
Ceres the goddesse iy a garmente
Of sache clothe made with sleues large & wyde
Embrowdered with sheues and sythelys bente
Of all maner greynes she sealyd the patente

In token that she was the goddesse of corne
Olde poetes say she bereth the heruest home

They was there set the god Cupydo
All freshe and galaunt and costly in aray
with ouches and rynges he was beset so day
The paleys therof shone as though hit had be
A herchyfe of plesaūce stode ouer his helme ay
The goddesse Ceres he lokyd in the face
And with one arme he hyr dyde enbrace

Next to Cupydo in order by and by
Of worldly wysdome sate the forteresse
Called Othea chyef grounde of polycy
Rewler of knyghthode of prudence the goddesse
Clad all in purpure was she more and lesse
Saaf on her hede a crowne there stood
Cowchyd with perles oryent fyne and good

And next to her was god Pluto set
with a derke myst enuyronde all aboute
His clothyng was made of a smoky net
His colour was bothe within and without
Foule derke and dymme his eyen grete & stoute
Of fyre and sulphure all his odour wase
That wo was me whyle I beheldе his face

Fortune the goddesse with her party face

was vnto Pluto next in ordre set
Darpaunt she was ay in short space
Her whele was redy to tourne without let
Her gowne was of gawdy grene chamelet
Chaungeable of sondry dyuerse coloures
To the condycyons accordyng of her shoures

And by her sate though he vnworthy were
The rewde god Pan of shepердys the gyde
Clad in russet frese and breched lyke a bere
with a grete tarbore hangyng by his syde
A shepecrook in his hõde he spared for no pryde
And at his feete lay a pryckeryd curre
He rateled in the throte as he had the murre

Ilys the goddesse bare hym company
For at the table next she sat by his syde
In a close kyrtell enbrowdered curyously
with braunches and leues brood large & wyde
Grene as ony grasse in the somer tyde
Of all maner frute she had the gouernaūce
Of sauours odoryferous was her suppynaūce

Next her than was god Neptunus set
He sauored lyke a tyllher of hym I spake before
Hit semed by his clothes as they had be wet
About hȳ in his gyrdelstede hyng fyllhes many
Of his straūge aray merueyled I sore (a score

A shyp with a toppe and sayle was his creft
Me thought he was gayly dysgyled at that fest

Thay toke Mynerue the goddesse her lete
Joyntly to Neptunus all in curas clad
Gaũclettis on her hõdis & sabatoũs on her fete
She loked euer about as though she had be mad
An hamer and a sythe on her hede she had
She wered two bokelers one by her syde
That other ye wote were this was all her pryde

Thay cam the god Bach⁹ & by her set hẽ down
Holdyng in his honde a cup full of wyne One
Of grene vyne leues he wered a Joly crowne
He was clad in clustres of grapes good & fyne
A garland of yuy he chose for his sygne
On his hede he had a thredebare hendall hood
A gymlot and a faulet therupon stood

Next hym sate Phebus with her colour pale
Fat she was of face but of complexion feyne
She sayd she reuled Neptun⁹ & made hẽ to auale
And ones in ỹ moneth w' Pheb⁹ was she meyne
Also ne were she. Leres were ateyne
Thus she sat & tolde the myght of her nature
And on her hede she wered a crowne of syluer pure
Joyntly to her Marcuryus toke his lere

As came to his course wytnesse the zodyake
He had a gyfte of tonge as fyll for his degree
Of eloquence of langage he passed all the pake
For of his talkyng nomay coude fynde lake
A boxe with quyksyluer he had of his gyfte
Multyplyers knowe hit well of euery sorte

By hym sate dame Venus with colour crystallyne
whoos long here shone as wyre of golde brygbt
Cristpe was her shyne her eyen columbyne
Rauysshed myn herte her chere was soo lygbt
Patronesse of pleasaūce be named wel se myght
A smocke was her wede garnysshed curyously
But aboue all other she had a wanton eye

On her hede she wered a rede coper crowne
A nosegay she had made full pleasauntly
Betwene her & Aurora. Apollo set hym downe
with his beames brygbt he shone so feruently
That he therwith gladyd all the company
A crowne of pure golde was on his hede set
In sygne þ he was mayster & lord of þ banket

Nota Thus was the table set rounde aboute
with goddis & goddesses as I haue you tolde
Awaytyng on the boorde was a grete route
Of sage philosophers & poetes many folde
There was lad Sychero and Arystotyll olde

Tholome Dorothe with Dyogenes
Plato Mellehala and wyse Socrates

Sortes & Saphyrus with hermes stood behynde
Auycen and Autrops with hem were in fere
Galyen & Ypocras that phylyh haue in mynde
with helpe of Elculappon toward hē drow nere
Virgyle Orace Ouyd and Omere
Euclyde and Alberte yaue her attendaunce
To doo the goddys and goddelles pleasaunce

Whore berded Orpheus was there w' his harpe
And as a poete mulyhall made he melody
Other mȳstral had they noy lake Pan gā to car
Of his leud bagpyp̄ whiche caulid ꝑ cōpany ope
To lawe yet many mo ther were yt I hold not ly
Some ponge some olde bothe better and werle
But mo of her names cay I not rehersle

Of all maner deyntees there was habundaūce
Of metys & drynhes foyloy plenteuous
Ip came Dyscorde to haue made varyaūce
But there was no rome to let her in that hous
The goddys remembred the leysme odyous
Among the three goddelles ꝑ he had wrought
At the felt of Peleus wherfore they thought

They wolde not with her dele in auenture

Lest she theym brought to some inconuenyent
She seyng this was wrothe out of mesure
And in ꝑ grete wrathe out of the paleys went
Sayeng to hyr selfe ꝑ chere sholde they repent
And anone with Attropos happed she to mete
As he had bey a goost cam in wyndyng shete

She toke hȳ by the honde & rowned in his eare
And tolde hym of the banket ꝑ was so delycate
How she was receyued & what chere she had there
And how euery god sate in his estate
Is it thus qð Attropos what in ꝑ deuylis date
well he sayde I see well how the game gothe
Ones yet for your sake shall I make hē wrothe

And whan she had hym all togyder tolde
From hym she departed and of her toke his leue
Sayeng ꝑ for her sake his way take he wolde
In to the paleys his maters to meue
And er he thens went he trowed hem to greue
with suche tydynges as he sholde hem tell
Soo forth in he went and spake wordes fell

whan he came in the presence of the goddys all
As he had be wood he loked hym aboute
His shete from his body downe he let fall
And on a rewde maner he saluted all the route
with a bolde voys carpyng wordes stoute

But he spake all holow as hit had be one
Had spoke in a nother world þ had wo begone

He stood forth boldly with gryny contenaunce
Sayeng ov this wyse as ye shall here
All ye grete goddys yeue attendaunce
Vnto my wordes without all daungere
Remembre how ye made me your officere
All tho with my dart fynally to chastyse
That you dysobeyed or wolde your law dispyse

And for the more suerte ye sealed my patent
Gyuyng me full power soo to occupy
wherto I haue employed myn entent
And that ray dame Nature well testyfy
If she be examyned she wyll hit not deny
For whay she forsaketh ony creature
I am ay redy to take hym to my cure

Thus haue I deuly with all my dylygence
Executed the office of olde antyquyte
To me by you graũted by your comon sentence
For I spared none hyghe nor lowe degre
Soo that on my parte noo defaute hath be
For as soone as ony to me cõmytted wale
I smote hym to þ hert he had none other grale

Ector of Troy for all his chyualry

Alexander the grete & myghty conquerour
Julyus Cesar with all his company
Dauyd nor Josue nor worthy Artour
Charles the noble that was so grete of honour
Nor Judas Machabee for all his trewe hert
Nor Godfery of Boleyn coude me not astert

Nabugodonozor for all his grete pryde
Nor the kyng of Egypte cruell Pharao
Jaloy ne Hercules wente they neuer so wyde
Coldras Hanyball nor gentyll Scypyo
Cyrus Achylles nor many a nother mo
For feyre or foule gat of me noo grace
But all be at ỳ last. I seled hem with my mace

Thus hauy brought euery creature
To ay ende bothe may fylthe foule and beste
And euery other thyng ỳ whome dame nature
Hath ony Jurysdyccyon eyther moost or leste
Excepte onely one ỳ whome your behelde
Is to me broke for ye me promysed
That my myght of noy shold haue be dispysed

wherof the contrary dare I well auowe
Is trewe for one there is that wyll not apply
Vnto my correccyon nor ỳ nowyse bowe
To the dynt of my dart for dole nor destreny
what comfort he hath nor the cause why

That he so rebelleth I say not thynke of ryght
But yf ye haue hym graũted your alders sayeꝯ
dyght
And yf ye so haue thay do ye not as goddys
for a goddys wrytyng may not reuerlyd be
Yf it sholde I wolde not yeue two pelecoddys
for grãũt of your patent of offyce nere of kee
wherfore in this mater do me equytee
Accordyng to my patent.for tyll this be doo
ye haue nomore my seruyce nor my good wyl loo

And whay all the goddys had Attropos hered
As they had be wood they brayde vp atrotes
And sayd they wold not rest tyll he were cõque-
Taken & destroyed body blood & bones red
And þ they swere grete othes for the nones
Her sawe to dysplyce that was so malapert
They sayd he shold be taught for to be so pert

well sayd Apollo yf he ou erthe bee
with my brennyng chare I shall hym confoũde
Ay feyth quod Neptunus & yf he kepe the see
he may be full sure.he shall soone be drowde
A lyr sayd Mars this haue we well fownde
That ony dysobeyed oure godly precepte
we may well thynke we haue to longe slepe

But neuertheless where I may hym fynde

with thūdre & lyghtnyng about I shal hē chase
And I quod Saturnus before and behynde
with my bytter colde shall shew hē harde grāse
well sayd Mercurius yt I may see his face
For euer of his speche I shall hym depryue
Soo that hym were better be dede than a lyue

ye quod Othea yet maye he well be
By the ayre where he wyll & axe you no leue
wherfore my counseyll is that all we
May entreate Neptun⁹ his rancour to forgeue
And they I doute not Eolus wyll hē myscheue
Soo may ye be sure he shall you not escape
And elles of all your angre wyll he make but a
ciape

But for to tell you how Eolus was brought
By daunger of pluto yet had I forgete
wherfore ou this mater forther wyll I nought
Procede tyll I therof haue knowleche you lete
Hit fell ou a daye the weder was wete
And Eolus thought he wolde ou his desporte
Goo to reioyse his spyrytes and comforte

He thought he wold see what was in ỹ grouūde
And in a brauers forthe he gan hym dresse
A drowthe had the erthe late before foūde
That caused it to chyne & krauy more & lesse
Sodeynly by weet constrayned by duresse

was the groũde to close his superfycyall face
Soo strayte that to scape Colus had noo space

This seyng Colus he styll within abode
Seknyng where he myght haue gone oute fer or
Anone he was aspyed & one to Plutorode (nere
And tolde hȳ how Col⁹ was in his daũgere
They sayd he to Cerberus set me ꝑ prysonere
Tyll I haue hym seey let hym not go at large
As thou wylt answer of hym I yeue the charge

Thus was this Colus take prysoner
Thay happed hit soo that the same day
Pluto had prefixed for a grete mater
Mynos to syt in his roob of Ray
wherfore Cerberus toke the next way
And led hym to the place where the court shalbe
wheder as I tolde you Morpleus brought me

Soo thyder came Dyana caryed in a carre
To make her compleynt as I tolde you all
And so dyd Neptun⁹ ꝑ doth both make & marre
walewyng with his wawes & tõblyng as a ball
Her maters they meuyd fall what may befall
There was the fyrst lyght ꝑ euer I theym sawe
And yf I neuer do efte I recke not a strawe

But now to my mater to retourne agayne

And to begynne.newe where I left
whay all the goddis had done her bely payne
They wey to contryue how he sholde be reft
Of his lyfe that Attropos had noo cause eft
To cõplayn thay Phebus stert vpon her fete
And sayd I praye you let me speke a worde yete

Othea meneth well to sey on this wyse
But al to entrete Neptun⁹ I hope shal not nede
Me semeth I aloue durst take that enterpryse
Er I am begyled or elles I shall spede
How say ye Neptunus shall I do this dede
wyll ye your rancour seale at my requeste
Madame quod he reule me as ye lyketh beste

Gramercy sayd she of your good wyll
That it plealeth you to shewe me that fauour
wherfore the goodys hygh pleasure to fulfyll
Performe my desyre.& leue all olde rancour
For our alders wele & sauyng of out honour
Agayn this Colus that ye long haue had
Hit is done quod he forsoth thay am I glad

Sayd he now thay Colus be ȳ to vs trew
Kepe well the eyr and our grete rebell
May we thay soone euer to vs subdew
yes and that quod Colus shall ye here tell
Nowhere in the eyre shall he rest nor dwell

If he doo therof put me in the faute
with my bytter blastes.loo shall I hym assaute

what sayd the god Pluto what is his name
That thus presumeth agayn vs to rebell
Vertue quod Attropes ꝑ haue he myckyll shame
He is neuer confounded.thus of hym here I tell
A sayd this pluto.in dede I know hym well
He hathe be euer myne vtter enemy
wherfore this mater agayne hym take wyll I

For all the baytys that ye for hym haue layde
without myne helpe be not worthe a peere
For though ye all the cõtrarye had sayde
Yet wold he brede ryght nygh your althrys eere
No maner of thyng can hym hurt nor deere
Saue oonly one a sone of my bastarde
whoos name is vyce he kepeth my vawarde

wherfore you Cerberus now I the dyscharge
Of Colus.and wyll that thou hyder fette
My dere sone Vyce & say that I hym charge
That he to me come withoute ony lette
Armed all poyntes.for a daye is sette
That he with vertue for all the goddys sake
In our defence.must ov hym batayll take

Forth they went Cerberus with his fyry cheyne

And brought theder Dyce as he cõmaũdey was
Agayne noble Dertue that batayll to dereygne
Dy a glydyng serpent rydyng a grete pas
Formyd lyke a dragoy scalyd harde as glas
whoos mouth flammed fyer without fayll
wynges had hit serpentyne and a long tayll

Armed was Dyce all iy cure boyle
Harde as ony horne blacker fer thay foot
Ay vngoodly sorte folowed hym parde
Of vnhappy capteyns of mysdeyst cropp & roote
Pryde was the fyrst. þ next hym rood god woot
Dy a rorying lyoy. next whom came Enuye
Syttyng oy a wolfe he had a scornfull ey

wrathe bestrode a wylde bore & next hȳ gay ryde
Jy his honde he bare a bloody naked swerde
Next whom cam Couetyse þ gooth so fer & wyde
Rydyng oy a Dlyfaunt as he had bey aferde
After whom rood Gloteny with his fat berde
Syttyng oy a bere with his grete bely
And next hym oy a goot folowed Lechery

Slouthe was soo slepy. he came all behynde
Dy a dull asse a full wery pase
Thyse were the capteyns þ Dyce coude fynde
Best to set his felde and folowe oy the chase
As for pety Capteyns many moo there wase

As sacrylege symony and dyssymulacyon
Mansslaughter mordre theft and extorcyon

Arrogaunce presumpcyon with contumacy
Contempcyon contempt and Inobedyence
Malyce frowardnes grete Jelacy
woodnesse hate stryfe and Impacyence
Unkyndnesse oppressyon with wofull negligence
Murmour mysscheef falshood and detracyon
Usury periury lye and adulacyon

Wronge rauyne sturdy vyolence
False Jugement with obstynacy
Dysceyte dronkenes and Improuydence
Boldnes in yll with foule and rybaudy
Fornycacyon Incest and auoutry
Unshamefastnes with prodygalyte
Blasphemie vayneglory and worldly vanyte

Ignoraunce dyscrydence with Ipocrysy
Scysme rancour debate and offense
Herely errour with ydolatry
New fangylnesse and sotyll false pretense
Inordynat delyte of worldly excellense
Feyned pouerte with apostasy
Dysclaunder scorne and unkynde Jelousy

Hoordome bawdry false mayntenaunce

Tresles abusyon and pety bybry
Dlurpacyon with horryble vengeaunce
Came alder laste of that company
All these pety capteyns folowed by and by
Shewyng theymselfe in the paleyse wyde
And layd they were redy that batayll to abyde

Jolynesse set the comons in araye
without the paleyse on a fayre felde
But there was ay vost for to make a fraye
I trowe suche a nother neuer may beheldе
Many was the wepyn among hē þ they welde
what people they were þ came to that dysporte
I shall you declare of many a sondry sorte

There were bosters braghers and bybores
Piaters fasers strechers and wrythers
Shamefull shakstres soleyn shaueldores
Oppressours of people and myghty crakers
Maynteneurs of quarelles horryble lyers
Theues traytours with falle heretykes
Charmers sorcerers and many scysmatykes

Pieuy symonyakes with falle dlurers
Multyplyers copy wallyers and clyppers
wronge dlurpers with grete extorcyoners
Backbyters glosers and fayre flatterers
Malycyous murmurers with grete clatterers

Tregetours tryphelers feyners of tales
Lastyuous lurdeyns and pyhers of males

Rowners vagaboundys forgers and lesynges
Robbers reuers rauenoule ryfelers
Choppers of chyrches fynders of tydynges
Harrers of maters and monye makers
Stalkers by nyght with euesdroppers
fyghters brawlers brekers of lofedayes
Getters chyders caulers of frayes

Tyrpuyles tyrauntes with tormentoures
Curled apostatis relygyous dyssymulers
Clothers carders with comoy halardoures
Tyburne coloppys and purlekyfters
Pylary knyghtes double tollyng mylners
Gay Joly tapsters wich hostelers of the strwes
Hoores and bawdes that many bale brewes

Bolde blasphemers with false ypocrytes
Brotheliers brobers abhominable swerers
Dryuelles dastardes dysspysers of ryghtes
Homycydes poysoners and comoy morderers
Sholdes caytyffes comberoule clappers
Pooslatres enchauntours with false renegates
Sotyll ambydextres and sekers of debates

Pleudo prophetes false sodemytes

Quelmers of chyldery with fourycatours
Wterwoldis that lustre lyue in her lyghtes
Auoutereres and abhominable auauntours
Of lyuine gret clappers & makers of clamours
Vnthryftes & vnlustes came also to that game
With lustes & loselles þ myght not thryue for shame

Thele were the comons came thyder þ day
Redy bowne in batayll Vertue to abyde
Apollo theym beholdyng begay for to say
To the goddis & goddelles beyng there þ tyde
Me semeth conuenyent ay herowde to ryde
To Vertue & byd hȳ to batayll make hȳ bone
Hymselfe to defende forlothe hit shall be lone

And let hym not be sodeynly take
All dyspurueyde or thay he beware
For thay sholde our dyshonour awake
If he were cowardly take in a snare
Ee quod Vyce for that haue I noo care
I wyll auauntage take where I may
That heryng Morpeus pryuely stale away

And went to warne Vertue of all this afray
And bad hym awake & make hymselfe strong
For he was lyke to endure that day
A grete mortall shoure er hit were euelong
With Vyce wherfore he bade hym not long

Tary to sende after more socour
If he dede hit sholde tourne hym to dolour

And brefely the mater to hym he declared
Lyke as ye haue herde begynnyng and ende
well quod Vertue he shall not be spared
To the felde I wyll wende how it wende
But gramercy Worple⁹ myn owne dere frende
Of your trewe herte & feythfull entent
That ye in this mater to mewarde haue ment

This done Worpleus departed away
Fro Vertue to the paleys retournyng agayn
None hym alyued that I dar well say
In whiche tyme Vertue dyde his besy payn
People to reyse his quarell to mentayn
ymagynacyon was his messengere
He went to warne people bothe fer & nere

And bad hem come in all the haste they myght
For to strengthe Vertue for without fayll
He sayd he sholde haue longe or it were nyght
with Vyce to do a myghty strong batayll
Of vngracyo⁹ gastes he bryngeth a long tayll
wherfore it behoueth to helpe at this nede
And after this shall Vertue rewarde your mede

Whan ymagynacyon had gone his cyrcuyte

To Vertues frendys thus all aboute
within shorte tyme many mey of myghte
Gadered to Vertue in all that they moute
They hym comforted & bad hym put no doute
His vtter enmy Vyce to ouerthrowe
Though he w' hē brought neuer so gret arowe

And whan Vertue sey the lustaūce of his oost
He prayed all the comons to the felde hem hy
with her pety capteyns both leste and moost
And with his capteynes sholde folow redely
For he sayd he knew well þ Vyce was full ny
And who myght kyth of þ felde recouer þ centre
wolde kepe out þ other he shold not eaisely entre

Thay sent he forth bapteyme to the felde before
And prayed hym hertely hit to ouerse
That nomaner crayne nor calstrop therin wore
To noy nor hurt hym nor his meyne
And whan he thyder came he began to se
How Vyce his purseuaunt cryme ozygynall
was entred before and had sealed vp all

But as soone as herof bapteyme had a syghe
He fled fast away & left the felde allone
And anone Baptyme entred with his myght
Serchyng al about where this cryme had gone
But the felde was clene defaute fonde he none

Thay came Vertue after with his grete oost
And his mygthy capytayns hath left & mooste

But to enforme you how he thyder came
And what maner capiteyns he to ꝑ feld brought
Hymselfe leberly was the fyrst may
Of all his grete hoost ꝑ thyderwarde sought
Sytting in a chare ꝑ rychely was wrought
with golde and peerles & gemmes precyous
Crowned with laurer as lord victorious

Foure doubty knyghtes about the chare went
At euery corner one hit for to gyde
And conuey accordyng to Vertue his entent
At the fyrst corner was ryghtwysnesse ꝑ tyde
Prudence at the seconde was set to abyde
At the thryd strength ꝑ fourth kept temperaūce
These the chare gyded to Vertue his pleasaūce

Next to the chare seuen capteyns there roode
Echone after other in ordre by and by
Humylyte was the fyrst a lambe he bestroode
with contenaūce demure he rood full soberly
A fawcon gentyll stood on his helme on hy
And next after hym came there charyte
Rydyng on a tygre as fyll to his degre

Roody as a roose ay he kept his chere

Ou his helme of hyghe a pellycay he bare
Next whom cam patyēce ꝑ nowhere hath no pe
Ou a cameil rydyng as voyde of all care (re
A fenix ou his helm stood so forth gay he fare
who next hym folowed but lyberalyte
Syttyng ou a dromedary ꝑ was both good & fre

Ou his helme for his creste he bare ou olyfray
And next after hym folowed abstynence
Rydyng ou an herte was trapurt and gay
He semed a lorde of ryght grete excellence
A popyniay was his creste he was of gret dylcēce
Next hym folowed chastyte ou an vnycorne
Armed at all poyntes behynde and beforne

A tortyldoue he bare ou hyghe for his creste
Thay came good belynesse last of tho seuen
Rydyng ou a panter a londry coloured beste
Gloryously beseen as he had come from heuen
A crane ou his hede stood his creste for to steuen
All these .vii. capteyns had standardis of pryce
Eche of hem accordyng after his deuyse

Many pety capteyns after these went
As trew feyth and hope mercy peale & pyte
Ryght trouth mekenesse with good entent
Goodnes concorde and parfyte vnyte
Honest trewe loue with symplycyte

Prayer fastyng preuy almyssdede
Joyned with the artycles of the crede

Confessyon contrycyon and satysfaccyon
With sorow for synne and grete repentaunce
Forgyuenesse of trespas with good dyspolycyon
Restytence of wrong performyng of penaunce
Holy deuocyon with good contynuaunce
Prestthode theym folowed with the sacramētis
And sadnesse also with the cōmaundementis

Sufferaunce in trouble with Innocensy
Clennesse contynence and virgynyte
Lyndenesse reuerence with curtesy
Contente & pleased with pyteous powerte
Entendyng well mynystryng equyte
Twene ryght & wrong hole Indyfferency
And laborynge the seruyce of god to multyply

Refuse of rychesse & worldly vayngory
Perfeccyon with parfyte contemplacyon
Relygyon professyon well kept in memory
Verrey drede of god with holy predycacyon
Celestyall sapyence with goostly Inspyracyon
Grace was the guyde of all this gret meyny
Whome folowed konnyng with his genealogy

That is to say Gramer and Sophystry

Phylosophy naturall Logyke & Rethoryke
Arismetryke Geometry with Astronompe
Canon and Cyuyle melodyous Musyke
Nobell Theologye and corporall Physyke
Monalyzacyon of holy scrypture
Profounde Poetry and drawyng of pyctures

These folowed konnyng & thyder with hȳ rayn
With many one moo offryng her seruyce
To Dertu at ȳ nede but notwithstondyng thay
Some he refused and sayd to nowyse
They sholde with hym go & as I coude auyse
These were her names fyrst Nygromancy
Geomanly Magyke and Glotony

Adryomancy Dinomancy with Pyromancy
Fylenomy also and Pawmestry
And all her sequelys yt I shall not ly
Yet konnyng prayed Dertue he wold not deny
Theym for to know nor dysdayne with his ey
Dy hem to loke wherto Dertue graunted
How be it in his werres he wold not they haũted

Soo had they konnyng lyghtly to departe
From Dertue his felde and they seyng this
By comon assent hyred theym a carte
And made hem be caryed towarde Dyce I wys
Fro thens fourthe to serue hȳ they wold not mys

Full loothe they were to be mayſteries
Ny ſtede of the better the woꝛſe there they ches

But forth to reiele all the remenaunt
Of pety capteyns that with Vertue were
Moderate dyete and wyſdome auenaunt
Euey wyght & meſure ware of cõtagyous gere
Lothe to offende and louyng ay to lere
woꝛſhyp and profyt with myrthe in maneꝛe
Theſe pety captayns with Vertue were in fere

Comons hery folowed a grete multytude
But in come pplov to that other ſyde
I trow there was not briefely to conclude
The .x. may that batayll to abyde
yet neuertheleſſe I ſhall not fro you hyde
what maner people they were & of what ſecte
As nere as my wyt therto wyll me dyrecte

There were notable and famous doctours
Example yeuers of lyuyng gracyous
Perpetuell preſtes and diſcreet confeſſours
Of holy ſcrypture declarers fructuous
Rebubers of ſynne & mylchyues odyous
Fyllers of ſoules & louers of clennes
Dyſpyſers of vayne and woꝛldly ryches

Pealyble prelates Juſtycyall gouernours

Founders of chirches with mercyfull pertes
Reformers of wrong of her progenytours
Of payefull poore pyteous compassyoneres
Well menyng merchaūtes with trew artificeres
Virgyns pure and also Innocentes
Holy matrones with chaste contynentes

Pylgryms & palmers with trew laborers
Holy heremytes goddys solycytours
Monasterpall monkes & well dyspoled freres
Chanons and nonnes feythfull professours
Of worldly people trewe conjugatours
Louers of cryste confounders of yll
And all that to godwarde peue her good wyll

Mayntenours of ryght verrey penytentis
Dystroyers of errour caulers of vnyte
Trew actyfe lyuers that let her ententis
The dedes to performe of mercy and pyte
Contemplatyfe people that desyre to be
Solytary seruauntes vnto god allone
Rather thā to haboūde in rychelles euerychone

These with many mo thaw I reherse caw
were come thyder redy that batayll to abyde
And take suche parte as fyll to vertue thaw
Lyst to ouercome they hoped for all his pryde
All though that he had more people on his syde

For the mey that Vertue had were full sure
To trust oy at nede & konnyng iy armure

Macrocolme was the name of the felde
where this grete batayll was let for to be
Iy the myddes therof stode cõscience & beheld
whiche of hem sholde be brought to captyuyte
Of that noble tryumphe Juge wolde he be
Synderesys late hẽ withiy cloled as iy a parke
with his tables iy his hõde her dedes to marke

To come iy to the felde were hygh wayes fyue
Free to both partyes large brood and wyde
Vertu wold not tary but hyghed hẽ thyd blyue
Leste he were by vyce deceyued at that tyde
Longe out of the felde lothe he was to abyde
Iy auenture that he out of hit were not kept
For thay wolde he haue thought he had to long
clept
Iy this mene tyme whyle Vertu thus prouyded
For hym & his people the felde for to wynne
He charged euery man by grace to be guyded
And all that euer myght the felde to entre ynne
Iy all that seasoy wente orygynall synne
To lete Vyce know how baptym with his oost
Had entred Macrocolme & serched euery coost

A layd vyce thay I see well hit is tyme

Baners to dysplay & standardes to auaūce
All moost to longe haddest thou tarped cryme
To let vs haue knowlege of this purueaūce
yet I trow I shall lerne hem a new daūce
where fore I cōmaunde you all without delay
Toward the felde draw in all the hast ye may

Thay layd þ god pluto þ all mey myght here
Dyce I the charge as thou wylt eschew
Our heuynous Indygnacyon þ draw not avere
But put the forth boldly to ouerthrow Iherew
Jo feyth quoth Atropos & I shall after sew
for yf he escape your hondys this day
I tell yon my seruyce haue lost for ay

Forth thay rode Dyce with all his hole strength
Dy his stede serpentyne as I tolde you before
The oost þ hym folowed was of a gret length
Amōg whō were penoūs & gnytors many a score
But as he wēt theūward I shall tell you more
Of his pety captayns he made many a knyght
for they shold not fle but manly with hē fyght

He doubled falshode with dyssymulacyon
Synony vsure wrong and rybawdy
Malyce decepte lye without extorcyon
Periury dyffydence and apostasy
with boldnesse in yll to bere hem company

Thele .xiiii. knyngtes made Dyce that day
To wēne theyr ſpores they layd they wold alay

Jy lyke wyle Dertue doubled vy his ſyde
Of his pety capteyns other fourtene
whiche made her auowe with hyrty to abyde
Her ſpores wold they wēne þ day it ſhold be lene
Thele were her names yf it be as J wene
Feythe hope and mercy trouthe & allo tyght
with relyſtence of wrong a full hardy wyght

Confeſſyon contrycyon with ſatyſfaccyon
Derrey drede of god performyng of penaunce
Perfeccyon honnyng and good dyſpoſycyon
And all knyt to Dertue they were by allyaunce
wherfore to hym they made alluraunce
That felde to kepe as longe as they myght
And ty his quarell agayne Dyce to tyght

The lord of Macrocoſme and rewler of þ fee
was called frewyll chaunger of the chaunſe
To whome Dertue ſent emballatours three
Reſoy dyſcreſyon & good remēbraūſe (chaūſe
And prayed hȳ be fauorable his honoure to en⸗
For but he had his fauour at þ poynt of nede
He ſtood in gret doute he coude not lightly ſpede

Jy lyke wyle Dyce emballatours thre

For his party vnto Frewyll sent
Temptacyon foly and sensualyte
Prayng hym of fauour that he wolde assent
To hym as he wolde at his cõmaundement
Haue hym eftsones whan he lyst to call
Do hym for ony thyng þ afterward myght fall

Answere yaue he none to neyther party
Saue oonly he sayd the batayll wolde he se
To wete whiche of hem shold haue the victory
Hit hyng in his balaũce the ambyguyte
He sayd he wolde not restrayne his lyberte
whan he come where sorow sholde awake
Than it shold be know what part he wyll take

whan Vertu & Vyce be her ambassatours
Knew of this answere they stood in gret doute
Neuertheles they sayd they wold ẽdure tho shours
And make an ende shortly of þ they wer aboute
Soo forth came Vyce with all his grete route
Er he came at the felde he sent yet pryuely
Sensualyte before in maner of a spy

whiche sewe the felde with his vnkynde seede
That caused Vertue after myghyll woo to feele
For therof grewe nought but all oonly weede
whiche made the grounde as sleper as any yele
He went ayene to Vyce & tolde hym euery dele

How he had done and bad hym come away
For he had so purueyde ꝑ Vyce shold haue ꝑ day

Soo as hit happed at the felde they mete
Frewyll Vertue and Vyce as trypartyte
Saaf Vertue a lytyll before the felde had gete
And ellis his auaũtage forsoth had be ful lyght
Not for they encombred so was neuer wyght
As Vertu & his mey were with the ranke wede
That in the felde grew of sensualytees sede

But as soone as Vyce of Vertue had a syght
He gaf swage gonnes as he had be wode
That heryng Vertue cõmaunded euery wyght
To pauyse hym vnder the sygne of the rode
And bad hẽ not drede.but kepe styll where they stode
It was but a shour shold soone cõfoũde
wherfore he cõmaũded theym stande & kepe her groũde

And whay Vyce cam nerer to the felde
He called sore for bowes & bad hem shote fast
But Vertu & his meyny bare of with the shelde
Of the blessyd Trynyte ay tyll shot was past
And whã shot was done Vyce cam forth at last
Purpolyng the felde with assaute to wyn
But vtu kept it long he myght not ent̃ theryn

All that tyme Frewyll stood & hym bethought.

To whiche he myght leue & what part he wold
At last sensualyte had hym so fer brought (take
That he layd playnly he vtu wold forsake
And in Dyce his quarell all his power make
Nota Iwys quoth reason that is not for the beste
Notwithstandyng frewyll I wyll do as my lyste

Vertue was full heuy whey he ser frewyll
Take part with Dyce but yet neuertheles
He dyde that he myght the felde to kepe styll
Tyll Dyce with frewyll so sore gan hym oppresse
That he was constrayned clerely by duresse
A lytyll tyme abacke to make abew retret
All thyng consydered hit was the best feet

Fyrst to remembre how Dyces parte was
Ten ayene one strenger by lykynesse
And thay how frewyll was with hym alas
whoo coude deme Vertue but in heuynesse
Moreouer to thynke how that slyper gras
That of sensualyte his vnkynde seede grew
Vnder foote in standyng encombred Vertew

yet notwithstondyng Vertue his men all
Nobely theym bare and faught myghtyly
How be it ꝑ sleper gras made many of hem fall
And from thense in maner departe sodeynly
That seyng Dyce his oost began to shout & cry

And layd ov̄ ty Pluto name ov̄ & all is ours
For this daye shall Dyce be made a cõqueroure

Thus Vertu was by myght of Dyce & Frewyll
Dryuen out of the felde it was the more pyte
How be hit yet Baptyme kept his groũde styll
And with hym abode feythe hope & vnyte
And honnyng also with comons a grete meyne
Confessyon contrycyon were redy at her honde
And satysfaccyon Dyce to withstonde

But all the tyme whyle Vertue was away
A myghty conflycte kept they w^t Dyce his route
And yet neuertheselle for all ꝑ grete affray
Hope stood vp ryght & feythe wolde neuerloute
And euermore layd Baptyms sytes put no doute
Vertue shall retourne & haue his entente
This felde shall be ours & elles let me be shente

And whyle these pety capteyns lusteyned th^s ꝑ fel
with Vertu his reward came good pleuerauce
Ay hogy myghty hoost & whan he behelde
How Vertu hym withdrew he toke dysplesauce
And whã he to hẽ came he said ye shal your chauce
Take as it falleth wherfore retorne ye must
Yet ones for your sake with Dyce shall I Just

Alas that euer ye sholde leese thus your honour

And therwith also the hyghe perpetuell crowne
whiche is for you kept in the celestyall tour
wherfore be ye called Cristis champyone.
How is it that ye haue noo compassyone
Of baptyme feyth & hope honnyng & vnyte
That stand so harde beltad & fyght as ye may
clee
All the tresour erthely vnder the firmament
That euer was made of goddys creacyon
To reward theym euenly were not equyualent
For her noble labour in his affyrmacyon
wherfore take vpon you your Jurisdyccyon
Rescu yonder knyghtes & recontynu fyght
And elles a dew your crowne for all your grete
cmyght
with these & suche wordes as J haue you tolde
By good perseueraunce vttred in this wyse
Vertue hym remembred & gay to wexe bolde
And sayd yeue trew knyghtis to rescu J auyse
Let vs no lenger tary from this entrepryse
Agayn to the felde soo Vertue retourned
That cauled hē be mery ꝑ long afore had mor-
cned
Auaunt baner qd̄ he in the name of Jhesu
And with ꝑ his people set vp a gret shoute
And cryed with a loude voyce a Vertu a Vertu
They begay Vyce his hoost for to loke aboute
But J trow pleueraūce was not long withoute

He bathed his ſwerd in his foos blood
The boldeſt of hem all not ones hē withſtood

Conſtaūce hym folowed & brought hē his ſpere
But whey pleueraūce ſaw vyce ov his ſtede
Nomay coude hym let tyll he came there
For to byd hym ryde I trow it was no nede
All vertu his ooſt prayed for his good ſpede
Agayn vyce he rode with his gret ſhaft
And hym ouerthrew for all his ſotyll craft

That ſeyng frewyll came to conſcyence
And gay hym to repente þ he with hym had be
Prayeng hym of coūſell for his grete offence
That he agayn vertu had made his arme
what was beſt to doo to humylyte
Mō conſcyence muſt þ go ſo he hym thyder ſent
Dyſguyſed þ he were not knowen as he went

And whan he thyder came humylyte hym tolde
A tokē & bad hym go to confeſſyon
And ſhew hym his mater with a pyteous lolde
whiche done he hym ſent to contrycyon
And fro thenſforthe to ſatyſfaccyon
Thus fro poolt to pyler was he made to daūce
And at the laſt he went forthe to penaūce

But now for to tell you whē vyce was outhrow

A grete part of his oost about hym gan reſorte
But he was ſo febyll ꝑ he coude nomay knowe
And whan they ſee ꝑ they knew no comforte
But carped hym a way be a preuy porte
And as they hym caryed dyſpeyre with hȳ met
with Dyce his rewarde he cam theym for to fet

They came there downe goodly ladyes tweyn
from the hyghe heuen aboue the fyrmament
And ſayd the gret Alpha & Do mooſt ſouereyn
for that nobell tryumphe had hem thyder ſent
One of hem to dryue Dyce to grete torment
with a fyry ſtrong ꝑ ſhe bare in her hande
And ſo he dede dyſpere & all his hole bande

The name of this lady was called Preſtyence
She neuer left Dyce ne none ꝑ wolde hȳ folow
Tyll they were cõmytted by ꝑ dyuyne ſentence
All to payne perpetuell & Infynyte ſorow
Righteouſnes went to ſe ꝑ noma̅ ſhold hē borow
Th⁹ all entreted ſharpely were they tyll Cerber⁹
Had hem beſhut within his gates tenebrus

And all ꝑ whyle ꝑ Preſtyence w⁴ her ſcorge ſmert
To rewarde Dyce gan her thus occupy
with all his hole bende after her delert
That other glorio⁹ lady ꝑ cam fro heuē oy hy
Hauyng in her honde the palme of victory

Came downe to Vertue & tolde hym to ꝑ pleine
Sayeng thus that Alpha & Do hath hym sente

And as ferre as I a ryght coude vnderstonde
That ladyes name was Predestynacyon
Vertue & his hoost she blessyd with her honde
And in heuen graunted hem habytacyon
where to eche of hem returned was a crown
She sayd in tokey that they enherytours
Of the glory were & gracyous conquerours

whiche done the ladyes ayene togyder met
And towarde heuen vp they gan to sty
Embraced in armes as they had be knet
Togyder with a gyrdell but soo sodeynly
As they were vanysshed saw I neuer thyng w' ey
And anone Vertue with all his company
Louelyd downe & thanked god of that victory

Yet had I forgete whey Vyce was ouerthrowe
To haue tolde you how many of Vyce his oost
Gan to seke peale & darked downe full lowe
And besought mercy what so euer hit cost
To be her mene to Vertu ellis they were but lost
And some in lyke wyse to feyth & hope sought
what to do for peale they sayd they ne rought

Some also to baptyme sewed to be her mene

Some to one sayd to other as they hē grete mayst
But all to confessyon went to make hem clene
And as they cam to cōfycēce he theym bad go lyst
Er thay olde Attropos of hem had a syght
For yt he to theym toke lost they were for euer
He layd Wyce to forsake is better late thā neuer

Some ete for socour drew to cyrcūcysyon
But by hym coude they gete but small fauour
For he in ꝑ company was had but in derysyon
Neuertheiesse to feyth he bad hem go labour
Prayeng theym for olde acqueyntāce theym socour
well qō feth for his sake I shall do ꝑ I may do
But fyrst for the best way baptyme go ye to

For by hym sooneste shall ye recouer grace
whiche shall to Vertue bryng you by processe
wherfore in ony wyse loke ye make good face
And let nomay know of your heuynesse
So they were by baptym brought out of dystresse
Tourned all to Vertue & whey this was done
Vertue cōmaūded Frewyll before hym come

To whom thus he sayd I haue grete mervayll
ye durst be so bolde Wyces parte to take
who bad you do so & yaue you that coūsayll
Justly vnto that ye shall me preuy make
They sayd Frewyll & swemfully spake

Lnelyng on his knee with a chere benygne
I pray you syr let pyte your eeres to me enclyne

And I shall you tell the verrey sothe of all
How it was & who made me that waye drawe
Forsothe Sensualyte his ppre name they call
A layd reason they I knowe well þ felawe
wylde he is & wanton of me stant hē none awe
Is he so qđ Vertue well he shall be taught
As a player sholde to drawe a nother draught

And with þ came sadnesse with his sobre chere
Bryngyng sensualyte beyng full of thought
And layd that he had take hym prysonere
A welcome layd Vertue now haue I þ I sought
Blessyd be þ good lord as þ wolde is it nought
why art þ so wanton & wylde he layd for shame
Er þ go at large þ shalt be made more tame

But stande a part a whyle tyll I haue spoke a (worde
with frewyll a lytyll & they shalt þ know
what shalbe thy fynaūce & they he layd in borde
Vnto frewyll the bey of your bowe
Begynneth to shake but suche as ye haue sowe
Must ye nedes repe there is none other way
Not withstondyng þ let se what ye can say

what is your habylyte me to recompense

For the grete harme that ye to me haue do
Forsothe sayd Frewyll my opey audyence
But onely Macrocosme more haue I not to
Take ꝑ yf it please you I wyll ꝑ hit be so
If I may vnderstande ye be my good lorde
Iy dede sayd Vertue to that wyll I accorde

They made Vertue Reason his lyefftenaūt
And yaue hym a gret charge Macrocosme to kepe
That done Sensualyte yelde hym recreaūt
And began for to angre bytterly to wepe
For he demed surely his sorow shold not slepe
They made Vertue Frewyll bayll vnd Reason
The felde for to occupy to his behoue ꝑ season

And they sayd Vertue to Sensualyte
Thou shalt be rewarded for thy bely melle
Vnder this fourme all fragylyte
Shalt thou forsake bothe more & lesse
And vnd the guydyng shalt thou be of sadnesse
All though hit somwhat be agayn thy hert
Thy Jugement is peuey thou shalt it not avert

And euey with that came iy dame Nature
Sayeng thus to Vertue syr ye do me wrong
Iy dureste & constraynt to put this creature
Gentyll Sensualyte ꝑ hath me serued long
Clerely from his lyberte & set hym among

Theym that loue hym not to be her vnbowte
As it were a cast away or a shoo clowte

And parde ye know well a rewle haue I mvst
wichin Macrocosme forsoth I saye not nay
Dō Vertu but sensualyte shall not pforme your
lybe as he hath do before this yt I may clvst
Therfro hym restrayn gadnelle shall assay
How be it ye shall haue your hole lyberte
wichin Macrocosme as ye haue had fre

And whan Vertue had to Nature sayd thus
A lytyll tyme his ey casting hym beside
He see in a corner standyng Morpheus
That hym before warned of the verryly tyde
A syres sayd Vertue yet we must abyde
Here is a frende of ours may not be forgete
After his delerte we shall hym entreate

Morpheus sayd Vertue I thanke you herteily
For your trewe herte & your grete laboure
That ye lyst to come to me soo redely
whey ye vnderstood the comyng of ꝑ shoure
I thanke god & you of sauyng of myn honour
wherfore this preuylege now to you I grant
That wichin Macrocosme ye shall haue youre
chaste
And of fyue postemes the keyes shall ye kepe

Lettyng ỹ & out at hem whome ye lyst
As long as ỹ Macrocosme your faã wyll crepe
Here whos ey ye wyll hardly with your mylt
And kepe your werkes clole there as ỹ a chylt
Saaf I wolde delyre you spare pollucyon
for no thyng may me plese þ sowneth to corrup
(cyon
And whã he had thy layd þ keyes he hym take
And toward his castell with his people went
Byddyng trealoy take good hede & about loke
That sensualyte by Nature were not shent
Kepe hym short he layd tyll his lust be spent
for better were a chylde to be vnborn
Thay let hym haue the wyll & for euer be lorn

And whã olde Attropos had seen & herde al this
How Vertue had opteyned astonyed as he stood
He layd to hymselfe somwhat there is amys
I trow well my patent be not all good
And ran to the paleys as he had be wood
Sayeng to the goddys I see ye do but iape
After a worthy whew haue ye made me gape

How a deuyll way sholde I Vertue ouerthrow
whey he dredeth not all your hole route
How cã ye make good your patẽt wold I know
Hit is to Impossyble to bryng that aboute
for strytke hym may I not þ is out of doute

A good Attropos layd god Apollo
Ay answere conuenyent shalt thou haue herto

The wordes of thy patent dare I well say
Streeche to no ferther but were dame Nature
Hath Jurysdiccyon there to haue thy way
And largesse to stryke as longeth to thy cure
And as for Vertue he is no creature
Vnder the predycament conteyned of quantyte
wherfore his destruccyon longeth not to the

Nota

A ha layd Attropos they I see well
That all ye goddys be but counterfete
For oo God there is that cay euerydell
Tourne as hym lyst bothe drye & whete
Jy to whoos seruyce I shall assay to gete
And yf I may ones to his seruyce come
youre names shall be put to oblyuyone

Thus went Attropos fro the paleys wooth
But iy the mene tyme whyle ꝑ he there was
Glydyng by the paleys relydyuacyon gooth
Towarde Macrocosme with a peynted face
Clad lyke a pylgryme walkyng a grete pace
Jy the forme as he had bey a may of ynde
He wende haue made reloy & gadnesse both blẽ

With sensualyte was he soone aqueynted

To whome he declared his master pryuely
yet he was eſpyed for all his face peynted
They relow hȳ cõmaũded pyke hȳ thẽs lightely
For his eaſe gõ ſadneſſe ſo coũſeyll hym wyll I
Soo was ſenſualyte ay kepte vnder foote
That to relydyuacyon myght he doo no boote

They went he to Nature & aſked her auyſe
His entente to opteyne what was beſt to doo
She ſayd euer lyth Dertu of Dyce way ỳ pryſe
Realoy with ſadneſſe hath rewled the felde ſoo
That I & ſenſualyte may lytyll for the doo
For I may noo more but oonly kepe my cours
And yet is ſenſualyte ſtrenger kept & wours

Thy herteg relydiuacõy fro thẽs he went agey
Full of thought & ſorow ỳ he myght not ſpede
Thay relow & ſadneſſe tobe wedeholes cuey
And all wylde wátones out of ỳ felde gay wede
With all the ſlyper graſſe ỳ greue of the ſede
That ſenſualyte before therin ſew
And fro thens forth kept it clene for Dertew

Thay begay new graſſe in the felde to ſpryng
All vnlyke ỳ other of colour fayr & bryght
But they I aſpyed a meruelous thyng
For the groũde of ỳ felde gay wex hore & whyte
I couldr not conceyue how that be myght

Tyll I was enformed & taught it to know
But where Vertue occupyeth muste nedes well
grow
yet in the mene tyme while the felde thus grew
And reloy with sadnelle therof had gouernaūce
Many a preuy messenger thyder sent Vertew
To know yf it were guyded to his plesaūce
Now prayer eft fastyng & ofter tyme penaūce
And whan he myght goo prpuely almesdede
And bad hē to his power helpe where he se nede

whyle ỹ felde thus rewled reloy with sadnelle
Maugre dame Nature for al her carnall myght Nota
Came thyder Attropos voyde of all gladnelle
wrapped in his shete & axed yf ony wyght
Coude wysshe hym the wey to the lord of lyght
Or ellis where mey myght fynde ryghwysnelle
Forsothe sayd realay I trow as I gelle

At Vertue his castell ye may soone hym fynde
Yf ye lyst the labour thyder to take
And there shall ye knowe yf ye be not blynde
The next wey to the lord of lyght I vndertake
So thyder went Atropos petyepay to make
To ryghtwysnelle prayeng that he myght
Be take in to the seruyce of the lorde of lyght

what sayd ryghtwysnelle ỹ olde dotyng foole

whome hast thou serued lych the worlde begay
But oonly hyny where hast ꝑ go to scoole
whether art ꝑ double or elles the same may
That thou were fyrst a syr sayd he thay
I praye you hertely holde me excused
I am olde & febell my wyttes are dyssused

well sayd ryghtwysnes for as moche as thow
knowest not thy mayst thy name shal I chaũge
Dethe shalt ꝑ be called from hens forward now
Among all the people that shall be had straũge
But whay ꝑ begynnest to make thy chalaũge
Dredde shalt thou be where so thou become
And to noo creature shalt thou be welcome

And as for theym whome thou dedest serue
for as moche as they presume oy hem to take
That hygh name of god they shall as they des
Therfore be rewarded I dare vndertake Serue
with payn ypetuell among fendes blake
And her names shall be put to oblyuyon
Among mey but it be ty derysyon

A ha sayd Attropos now begẽne I wex glad
That I shall thus auenged of hem be
Syth they so long tyme haue made me so mad
yee gõ ryghtwylnesse here what I say to the
The lorde of lyght sent the worde by me

That in Macrocosme seyne shalt thou take
wherfore thy darte redy loke thou make

And as soone as Vertue that vnderstood
He sayd he was pleased that it sholde soo be
And euery forthwith he cõmaunded preesthood
To make hym redy the felde for to se
So thyder went preesthode with benygnyte
Conueyentg thyder the blessyd sacrament
Of Eucharyst but tyrst were thyder sent

Confessyon contrycyon and satysfaccyon
Sorow for synne and grete repentaunce
Holy deuocyon with good dyspolycyon
All these thyder came and also penaunce
As her dewte was to make purueaunce
Agayn the comyng of that blessyd lorde
Feyth hope & charyte therto were acorde

Realoy with sadnesse dyde his dylygence
To clense the felde within and without
And whan they se the bodely presence
Of that holy Eucharyst lowly gan they lout
So was that lorde receyued out of dout
with all humble chere debonayre & benygne
Lykly to his pleasure it was a grete sygne

They came to the felde the mynyster synall

Nota

Called holy vncyoy with a cryſmatory
The fyue hye wayes ly ſlperyall
Therof he anoynted & made hit ſanctuary
whome tolowed deth whiche wolde not tary
His feruent power there to put ly vre
Nota As he was cõmaũded graũtyng dame Nature

He toke his darte called his mortall laſſee
And bent his ſtroke towarde the feldes herte
That leyng preeſthode had good remenbraſſee
Towarde the felde tourne hym & aduerte
For except hym all vertues thenſe muſt ſterte
And euery with that dethe there ſelyne tobe
And they all the company clerely hit forſobe

And as ſoone as dethe thus had ſelyne take
The colour of the felde was chaũged ſodeynly
The graſſe therin ſeere as though it had be bake
And the fyue hygh wayes were mured vpon hy
That fro thenſforward none entre ſhold therby
The poſternes were alſo without lette
Bothe inwarde & outwarde fyne faſt ſherte

whiche done ſodeynly deth vanyſſhed away
And Vertu exalted was aboue the fyrmament
where he toke the crowne of glory ꝓ is ay
Preparate by Alpha & oo omnypotent
The ſwete fruit of macrocoſme thys w' hē wel

And ey all this mater as I stood musyng thus
Agayn fro the felde to me came Morpheus

Sayeng thy what chere how lyketh the this syght
Halte thou seen ynough or wyll thou see more
Nay syr I sayd my trouthe I you plyght
This is iustyfyente yt I knew wherfore
This was to me shewed for theroft he lore
Loueyte I to haue yt I gete myght.
Folow me quod he and haue thy delyght

Soo I hym folowed tyll he had me brought
To a forelquare herber walled round aboute
Loo qd Morpheus here mayst thou yt thou sought
Fynde yt thou wyll I put the out of doute
A lytyll whyle we stood tyll there withoute
Tyll wytte thyef porter of that herber gate
Requyred by stodye lete vs in there ate

But whan I came in I meruayled gretly
Of that I beheldе & herde there reporte
For fyrst in a chayre apparayled royally
There sate dam doctryne her childery to exorte
And about her was many a sondry sorte
Some wyllyng to lerne dyuerse seyence
And some for to haue perfyte intellygence

Crowned she was lyke ay Emperesse

with .iiii. crownes standyng on her hede on hy
All thyng about her ay Infynyte processe
were to declare I tell you certaynly
Neuertheleſſe some in mynde therof haue I
whiche I shall to you as god wyll yeue me grace
As I sawe & herde tell in short space

Fast by Doctryne on that one syde
As I remembre late holy Texte
That opened his mouthe to the people wyde
But not in comparyson to Glose ꝑ late nexte
Moralyzacyon with a cloke contexte
Hate & Scrypture was scrybe to theym all
He late ay wrytyng of that that sholde fall

These were tho that I there knewe
By no maner waye of olde acqueyntaūce
But as I before saw theym with Dertewe
Company in felde & hauyng dalyaūce
And as I thus stood halfe in a traūce
whyle they were occupyed in her belynesse
Aboute the walles myn eye gan I dresse

where I beheelde the meruaylous story
That euer I yet sawe in ony pyeture
For on tho walles was made memory
Syngulerly of euery creature
That there had byn bothe forme & stature

whoos names reherse I wyll as I can
Bryng theym to mynde in ordre euery man

Fyrst to begynne there was in portracture
Adam & Eue holdyng ay appell rounde
Noe in a shyp & Abraham hauyng sure
A flynstone in his honde & Isaac lay bounde
On ay hyghe moũte Jacob slepyng sounde
And a long ladder stood hym besyde
Joseph in a Cysterne was also there ẏ tyde

Next whom stood Moyses with his tables two
Aaron & Hure his armes supportyng
Ely in a brennyng chare was there also
And Elyze stood clad in ay hermytis clothyng
Dauyd with ay harpe & a stone slyng
Isaye Jeremy and Ezechyell
And cloied with lyons holy Danyell

Abacuc Mychee with Malachy
And Jonas out of a whales body comyng
Samuell in a Temple & holy zachary
Besyde ay aulter all blody standyng
Ozee with Judyth stood there conspyryng
The dethe of Olofferne & Salamon allo
A childe with his swerde dyuydyng in two

Many moo pphetis certaynly there were

whoos names now come not to my wynde
Melchysedech also aspyed I there
Brede & wyne offryng as hyll to his hynde
Joachym and Anna stood all behynde
Embraced ly armes to the goldey gate
And holy Johay baptyst ly a delert late

And now cometh to my remembraũce
I am auyled I sawe Sodechy
And Amos also with sobre countenaũce
Standyng with her faces towarde Sophony
Neemye & Eldras bare hely company
The holy may Job as ay Impotent
They folowed ly pycture with Thoby pacyent

These with many moo oy that one syde
Of that grene herber portrayed were
A layd Morpheus a lytyll tyme abyde
Tourne thy face where thy backe was ere
And beholde well what thou seest there
Thay I me tourned as he me badde
with hert stedfast & countenaũce sadde

where I saw peter with his keyes stonde
Poule with a swerde James also
with a scalop & Thomas holdyng ly his honde
A spere & Phylyp aproched hym to
James the lesse next hem ly pycture lo

Stood with Barthylmew which was all flayn
Symon & Thadee shewed how they were slayn

Mathy & Barnabe drawyng lottys stode
Next whome was Marke a lyon hym by
His book holdyng & Mathew in his mode
Resemblyd an Angell with wynges gloryously
Luke had a calfe to holde his book on hy
And Johan with a cuppe & palme in his honde
An Egle bare his book thus saw I hem stonde

Gregory & Jerome Austyne & Ambrose
with pylyons on her hedes stood lyke doctours
Bernarde with Anselme and as I suppose
Thomas of alquyne & Domynyk confessours
Benet & Hew relygyous gouernours
Martyne & Johan with bysshoppes tweyne
were there also & Crysostome certeyne

Behynde all these was worshypfull Bede
All behynde & next hym stood Origene
Hydyng his face as he of his dede
Had hem a shamed ye woot what I mene
For of errour was he not all clene
And on that syde stood there last of all
The noble prophetysse Sybyll men her call

Let me remembre now I you pray

My barayne is soo thynne I deme in myn hert
Some of the feleshyp that I there say
In all this whyle haue I ouerskert
A benedycyte none ere coude I aduert
To thynke on Andrew the apostle w' his crosse
whome to forgete were a grete losse

Many one moo were peynted on that walle
whos names now come not to my remẽbraũce
But these I marked in especyall
And moo coude I tell in contynuaũce
Of tyme but forthe to shewe you the substaũce
Of this mater in the myddes of that herbere
Sate Doctryne coloured as ony crystall clere

Crowned as I tolde you late here before
whoos apparayll was worthe tresour Inestymyte
All erthely rychelle counte I noo more
To that in comparyson valewyng they a myte
Ouer her hede honyd a culuer fayre & whyte
Out of whoos byll proceded a grete leme
Downewarde to Doctryne lyke a lonne beme

The wordes of Doctryne yaue grete redolence
In swetnes of sauour to her dysciples all
Hit ferre exceded myrre and frankensence
Or ony other tree spyce or ellys gall
And whã she me aspyed anone she gan me call

And cõmaũded Morpleꝰ ꝑ he ſhold brẽg me nere
For ſhe wolde me ſhewe the effecte of my deſyre

She ſayd I know the cauſe of thy comyng
Is to vnderſtonde be myn enformacyon
Sendyngly the mater of Morpheus his ſhewyng
As he hath the ledde aboute in vyſyon
wherfore now I apply thy naturall reaſon
Vnto my wordes & er thou hens wende
Thou ſhalt hit know begynnyng and ende

Fyrſt where Eolus to Pluto was brought
By his owne negligence taken priſonere
within the erthe for he to ferre ſought
Sygnyfyed is nomore be that matere
But oonly to ſhewe the how it dooth apere
That welthe vnbridled dayly at thyne ey
Encreaſeth myſrewle and ofte cauſeth foly

For lyke as Eolus beyng at his large
Stretyed hymſelfe thrugh his owne lewdeneſſe
For he wolde deele where he had no charge
Ryght ſoo wantons by her wyldeneſſe
Ofte ſythe bryng hymſelfe in dyſtreſſe
Be cauſe they ſomtyme to largely deele
what may wors be ſuffred than ouermyche wee
cle
By Mynos the Juge of hell deſperate

May be vnderstonde goddys ryghtwysnes
That to euery wyght his payne deputate
Allygneth acordyng to his wyckednes
wherfore he is called Juge of cruelnes
And as for Dyana & Neptunus compleynt
Fygured may be fooles realoy feynt

For lyke as they made her suggestyon
To haue me Colus from cours of his kynde
whiche was Impossyble to bryng to correccyon
For euermore his lyberte haue wyll the wynde
Jn lyke wyse fooles otherwhyle be blynde
wenyng to subdew with her one honde
That is ouermyghti for all ay hole londe

But what folowyth therof that shall ȳ here
whey they were come to the banket
The grete Apollo with his lad chere
Soo fayre & curtoully gay theym entrete
That he made her beerdys oy the new gete
Loo what wysdome dooth to a foole
wherfore are children put to scoole

Ofte is it seen with sobre contenaunce
That wyse men fooles ouercome ay
Tornyng as hem lyst & all her daryaunce
Chaunge from ernest in to mery play
what were they bothe amendeth that day

whey they were dreuey to her wyttes ende
were they not fayne to graũt to be his frende

Ryght soo fooles whey they haue done
All that they can thay be they fayne
Gyue vp her mater to oblyuyone
without rewarde they haue nomore brayne
And yet full ofte hath hit be layne
whey they it haue forȝete & set at nought
That they full dere haue afterwarde it bought

And as for all tho that represent
To be called goddys at that banket
Resemble falle ydollys but to this entent
was Morpheus cõmaunded thyder the to fet
That thou sholdest know the maner & the get
Of the paynym lawe and of her byleue
How falle ydolatry ledeth hem by the sleue

For soone vppon the worldys creacyon
whey Adam and Eue had broke the precept
whiche clerkes call the tyme of deuyacyon
The worldly people in paynym law slept
Tyll moyses vnto god the tables of stone kept
In whiche tyme Poetes feyned many a fable
To dyscrete Reason ryght acceptable

And to the entent that they sholde sounde

To the eres of hem the more pleasauntly
That they shold rede or here they yaue them a
And addid names vnto them naturally (grou̅d
Of whom they spake & callid hē goddis hy
Some for the strength & myght of her nature
And some for her sotyll wytty coniecture

By nature thus as the seuen planettes
Haue her propre names by Astronomeres
But goddys were they called by olde Poetes
For her gret feruency of werkyng in her speres
Experyence preueth this at all yeres
And for as other that goddys called be
For sotyll wytte that shall I teche the

How they by that hyghe name of god cam
In this layd tyme the people was so rude
That what maner creature may or womas
Coude ony newelte contryue and conclude
For the comon wele all the multytude
Of the comon people a god shold hym call
Or a goddesse after hit was fall

Of the same thyng that was so newe founde
As Ceres for she the crafte of tythe fonde
wherby more plentouously corne dyd habounde
The people her called thrugh out euery londe
Goddesse of corne wenyng in her honde

Had layn all power of cornes habundaũce
Thus were ỳ paynems deceyued by ignoraũce

In lyke maner Ilys was called the goddelle
Of frute for she tyrst made it multyply
By the name of gryffyng & loo by procelle
The name of Pay gay to deyfy
For he tyrst founde the mene shepe to guy
Some toke it also by her condycyon
As Pluto Fortune and suche other dooy

Thus all that Poetes put vnder couerture
Of fable the rurall people hit toke
Properly as acte refulyng the fygure
whiche errour some of hem neuer forsoke
Ofte a falle myrour deceyueth a mannes loke
As thou mayst dayly pryue at thyne ey
Thus were the paynyms deceyued generally

That seyng the dedely enemy of mankynde
By his power permyssyue entred the ymagys
within the Temples to make the peple blynde
In her ydolatry standyng ov hyghe stagys
In somoche whoo vsed daũgerous passagys
Ony maner way by water or be londe
whey hyd his sacryfyce his answere redy fonde

Thus duryng the tyme of deuyacyon

From Adam to Moyses was ydolatry
Though the worlde vsed in comon oppynyon
These were the goddys that thou there sy
And as for the awayters that stood hem by
They polytyke Phylosophers & Poetes were
whiche feyned the fables ꝑ I spek of here

They sealed the tyme of deuyacyon
whey Moyses receyued that tables of stone
Entryng the tyme of reuocacyon
Vp the mounte of Synay stondyng allone
God yaue hym myght ayene all his sone
And they began the olde testament
whiche to the people by Moyses was sent

And that tyme dured the Incarnacyon
Of Cryste and they began it to sese
For they came the tyme of reconcylyacyon
Of man to god I tell the doutlese
whey the sone of may put hym in prese
wylfully to suffre dethe for mankynde
In holy scrypture this mayst thou fynde

This Reconcylyacyon was the tyme of grace
whey foũded was the chirche vpon ꝑ fayre stone
And to holy peter the keye delyuered was
Of heuen they hell dyspoyled was anone
Thus was mankynde delyuered from his sone

And they began the newe testament
That the cristen people beleue in present

whiche .iii. tymes a sondry dyuyded
Mayst thou here se yf thou lyst beholde
The fyrst behynde the in pycture in prouyded
The seconde of the lyft honde shew pphet olde
The .iii. on the ryght honde here it is to ẏ tolde
Thus hast thou in vylyon the verrey fygure
Of these .iii. tymes here shewed in purtrayture

That is to say fyrst of deuyacyon
from Adam to Moyses recordyng scripture
Seconde fro Moyses to the Incarnacyon
Of Cryst kepeth reuocacyons cure
And as for the thyrd thou mayst be verrey sure
wyll dure from thens to the worldes ende
But now the .iiii. must thou haue in mynde

whiche is callid pperly the tyme of pylgremage
After some & some named it otherwyse
And call hit the tyme of daũgerous passage
And some tyme of werre that fully hit dyspyse
But what so it be named I wyll the auyse
Remembre it well and prynte it in thy mynde
wherof the fygure mayst thou me behynde

And elles remembre thyselfe in thyne herte

How vyce & vertue dayly theym occupy
By maner one of hem hym to peruerte
A nother to bryng hym to endeles glory
Thus they contynue fyght for the victory
Hit is no nede herof to tell the more
For ly this short vylyon ȳ hast leey it before

And as for Attropos greuous compleynt
Vnto the goddys betokeneth noo more
But oonly to shew the how frendely constreynt
By a stedfast herte weyeth full sore
Good wyll requyreth good wyll ayene therfore
Dylcorde to Dethe hathe ay bry a frende
For Dylcorde bryngeth many to her ende

wherfore Dethe thought he wolde auenged be
By his frendes quarell yf that he myghte
For her gret vnkyndnesse ly somoche as she
was among hem all had so ly despyte
And at that banket made of soo lyte
whiche caused hym among hē to cast ly a bone
That foūde thēē gnawyng ynough euerychone

Thus ofte is leey oo frende for a nother
wyll lay & doo and some tyme maters feyne
And allo kynnysmey a colyne or a brother
wyll for his aly er he haue cause compleyne
And where that he loueth doo his besy peyne

His frendes mater as his owne to take
whiche oft sythe causeth mochyll sorow awake

Be hit ryght or wrong he chargeth not a myte
As towarde that poynt he taketh lytyll hede
So that he may haue his frowarde appetyte
Performed he careth not how his soule spede
Of God or Deuyll haue suche lytyll drede
How be it one there is that lord is of all
whiche to euery wyght at last rewarde shall

And as for þ batayl betwene Vyce & Vertu holde
Soo playnly appereth to the inwardly
To make expolycyon therof new or olde
were but superfluyte there fore refuse hit J
Jy may shall thou fynde þ werre kept dayly
Lyke as þ hast seen it fowtyne before thy face
The pyture me behynd sheweth it in lytyll spa
ce
And as for Macrocosme it is nomore to say
But the lesse worlde to the comon entent
whiche applyed is to may both nyght & day
Soo is may the felde to whiche all were sent
Of bothe partyes & they that thyder went
Sygnyfye nomore but after the condycyon
Of euery manes opynyon

And as for the noble knyght Perseueraunce

whiche gate the felde whey it was almoſt gone
Beholdeneth nomore but the contynuaunce
Of vertuous lyuyng eyll dethe hath ouergone
who ſoo wyll doo rewarded is anone
As Vertue was with the crowne oy hy
whiche is noo more but euerlaſtyng glory

And as for Preſcyence & Predeſtynacyon
That eche of hem rewarded after his delert
Is to vnderſtonde nomore but dampnacyon
To vycyous people is the verrey ſcourge ſmert
Rewarde for they fro Vertue wolde peruert
And endeleſſe Joye is to hem that be electe
Rewarded & to all that folow the ſame ſecte

And as for the keyes of the poſternes fyue
whiche were to Morpeꝰ rewarded for his labour
Spygnyfye not elles but whyle may is oy lyue
His fyue inwarde wyttes ſhall be euery hour
Jy his ſlepe occupyed iy hele & iy langour
with fantaſyes tryfels Jlluſyons & dremes
whiche Poetes call Morpeus ſtremes

And as for Relydyuacyon is nomore to ſay
But after Confeſſyon tornyng ayene to ſynne
whiche to euery may retorneth ſanuz delay
To vycyous lyuyng agayn hym to wynne
whyle ony may lyueth wyll it neuer blynne

That curſed concluſyon for to bryng aboute
But Realoy with Sadnes kepe it ſtyll oute

Here haſt thou properly the verrey ſentence
Herde now declared of this vyſyon
The pyture alſo yeueth clere intellygence
Therof beholdey with good dyſcrelyon
Loke well aboute and take conſyderalyon
As I haue declared whether hit ſoo be
A lyr quoth Morpleus what tolde I the

Haſt thou not now thyne hertes deſyre
Loke oy you wall yonder before
And all that tyme ſtood I iy a wyre
whiche way fyrſt myy hert wolde yeue more
To loke iy a ſtody ſtood I therfore
Neuertheleſſe at laſt as Morpleus me badde
I loked forwarde with contenaunce ſadde

where I beheldе iy portrayture
The maner of the felde euery as it was
Shewed me before & euery creature
Oy bothe ſydes beyng drawyng iy ſmall ſpace
Soo curyouſly ty ſoo lytyll a compace
Iy all this worlde was neuer thyng wrought
Hit were Impoſſyble iy erthe to be thought

And whey I had long beholde that pyture

what qꝺ Morpheus how longe shalte thou loke
Daryng as a dastard ov̄ you portrayture
Come of for shame thy wytte stante a croke
I heryng that myn herte to me toke
Towarde the fourthe wall tornyng my vysage
where I sawe Poetes & Phylosophers sage

Many one moo thay at the banket
Serued the goddes as I sayde before
Som were made standyng & som in chayris set
Som lokyng ov̄ bokis as they had stodyed sore
Som drawyng almenakis & in her hondis bore
Astyrlabes takyng the altytude of the sonne
Among whome Dyogenes sate in a tonne

And as I was lokyng ov̄ that fourthe wall
Of Dyogenes beholdyng the ymage
Sodeynly Doctryne began me to call
And bad me tourne towarde hyr my vysage
And loo then I dyde with humble corage
what thynkest ꝓ she sayd hast ꝓ not thentente
yet of these foure walles what they represente

The pycture ov̄ the fyrst ꝓ standeth at my bake
Sheweth the ꝓ present tyme of pylgremage
Of whiche before I vnto the spake
whiche is the tyme of dangerous passage
The seconde dyrectly agayne my vysage

The tyme expresseth of Dampnacyon
whyle paynyme lawe had the domynacyon

The thyrd wall standyng on my lyfte honde
The tyme representeth of Reuocacyon
And the fourthe standyng on my ryght honde
Determyneth the tyme of Reconsylyacyon
This is the effecte of thy vylyon
wherfore the nedeth nomore therof to muse
Hit were but veyne thy wyttes to dyfuse

But duryng the tyme of Reconsylyacyon
Thy tyme of pylgremage loke well ꝑ spende
And they well gracyous Predestynacyon
Bryng the to glory at thy last ende
And euen with that came to my mynde
My fyrst conclusyon that I was aboute
To haue dreuen er slepe made me to loute

That is to say how Sensualyte
w' Reason to accorde myght be brought aboute
whiche caused me to knele downe on my kne
And beseke Doctryne determyne that doute
O lord god sayd Doctryne canst ꝑ not without
Me that conclusyon bryng to ay ende
ffeere is fro the wytte & ferther good mende

And euen with that Dethe gay appere

Nota

Shewyng hymselfe as though that he wolde
His darte haue occupyed within that herbere
But there was none for hym yong nor olde
Saue oonly Doctryne hym tolde
And whey I herde hyr with hym comon thus
I me withdrew behynde Morpheus

Dredyng full sore leest he with his dart
Thorugh Doctrynes wordes ony entrelle
In me wolde haue had or claymed ony part
whiche sholde haue caused me grete heyuynelle
within whiche tyme & short proceſſe
Came thyder Reaſon and Sensualyte
A quoth Doctryne ryght welcome be ye

Hit is not long sythe we of you spake
Ye muste er ye goo determyne a doute
And euery with that she the mater brake
To theym & tolde hit euery where aboute
I wolde haue be thens yf I had moute
For fere I loked as blake as a cole
I wolde haue cropey in a mouse hole

what quoth Doctryne where is he now
That meued this mater straunge & dyffuſe
He is a cowarde I make myn auow
He hyded his hede his mocyon to refuſe
Blame hym not qd Reaſon alway ꝑ to vſe

whey he seeth Dethe soo nere at his honde
Yet is his part hym to withstonde

Or at the leste way elles fro hym flee
As longe as he may who dooth otherwyse
Is ay ydeote quoth Sensualytee
who dredeth not Dethe wyle mey hym dysppyse
what sayd Doctryne how long hathe this gyse
Be holdey & vsed thus a twixe you tweyne
ye were not wonte to acorde certeyne

yes quoth Reason ty this poynt alway
To euery may haue we yeuey our counsayll
Dethe for to flee as long as they may
Al though we otherwyse haue done our trauayll
Eche other to repelle yet withoute fayll
Ty that poynt oonly dyscordeth we neuer
Thus condescended therin be we for euer

A ha sayd Doctryne they is the conclusyon
Clerely determyned of the gret doute
That here was meuyd & halfe in derysyon
She me they called & bade me loke oute
Come forthe she sayd & feere not this route
And euey with that Reason & Sensualyte
And Dethe fro thens were vanysshed all thre

They loked I forthe as Doctryne me badde

whey Dethe was gone me thought I was bolde
To shewe myselfe but yet was I fadde
Me thought my doute was not as I wolde
Clerely and openly declared & tolde
Hit lowned to me as a parable
Derke as a myste or a fayned fable

And Doctryne my conceyte gan espy
wherfore sayd she standest thou soo styll
wherin is thy thought art thou in study
Of thy questyon hast thou not thy fyll
To the declared tell me thy wyll
Herdest thou not Realoy & Sensualyte
Declared thy doubte here before the

Forsothe quoth I. I herde what they sayde
But neuertheleste my wytte is so thynne
And allo of Dethe I was so afrayde
That hit is out where hit went ynne
And so that mater cay I not wynne
without your helpe & benyuolence
Therof to expreste the verray sentence

well quoth Doctryne they yeue attendaunce
Vnto my wordes & thou shalt here
Openly declared the concordaunce
Atwene Sensualyte & Realoy in fere
If thou take hede hit clerely dooth apere

How they were knette in one opynyon
Bothe agayn Dethe helde contradyccyon

whiche concordaunce nomore lyguyfyeth
To playne vnderstandyng but in euery mane
Bothe Sensualyte & Reason applyeth
Rather Dethe to flee they with hit to be tane
Loo in that poynt accorde they holly thane
And in all other they clerely dyscorde
Thus is trewly set thy doubtfull monacorde

I herynge that kneled on my kne
And thanked her lowly for her dyscyplyne
That she vouchesafe of her benygnyte
Of tho gret doubtes me to enlumyne
well was she worthy to be called Doctryne
If it had be nomore but for the solucyon
Of my demaunde & of this straunge vysyon

And as I with myne hede began for to bow
As me well ought to do her reuerence
She thens departed I can not tell how
But within a moment gone was she thens
They sayd Morpheus let vs go hens
what sholde we here tarye lengere
Hast thou not herde a generall answere

To all thy maters that thou lyst to meue

My tyme draweth nere that I muste reste
And euery therwith he toke me by the sleue
And layd goo we hens for that sholde I beste
As good is ynough as a grete feste
Thou hast seen ynough holde the content
And euer with ꝑ forthe with hym I went

Tyll he had me brought agene to my bedde
where he me founde and they pryuely
He stale awaye I coude not vnderstande
where he became but sodeynly
As he came he went I tell you verily
whiche done fro slepe I gan to awake
My body all in swet began for to shake

For drede of the syght that I had sene
wenyng to me all had be trew
Actuelly done where I had bene
That batayll holde twene Dyce & Derteu
But whey I see hic.hic was but a whew
A dreme a fantasy & a thyng of nought
To study therin I had nomore thought

Tyll at the last I gan me bethynke
for what cause shewed was this vysyon
I knew not wherfore I toke pen & ynke
And paper therof to make mencyon
In wrytyng takyng consyderacyon

That noo defaute were founde in me
wherby accused I ought for to be

For slouthe that I had left hit vntolde
Neyther by mouthe nor in remembraũce
put it in writyng where thorugh manyfolde
wayes of accusacõy myght come me to greuaũ/
All this I sawe as I lay in a traũce &
But wheder it was with myne ey bodely
Or not in certayn god knoweth & not I

That to dyscerne I purpose not to dele
Soo large by my wyll it longeth not to me
were hit deme or dylyen for your owne wele
All that shall hit rede here rad or se
Take therof the best & let the worst be
Try out the corne clene from the chaff
And they may ye say ye haue a sure staff

To stande by at nede yf ye wyll it holde
And walke by the way of Vertue his lore
But alwey beware be ye yong or olde
That your frewyll ay to Vertue more
Apply thay to Vyce the ealyer may be bore
The burdey of the felde that ye dayly fyght
Agayn your .iii. enemyes for all her gret myght

That is to say the Deuyll & the Flesshe

And also the worlde with his glosyng chere
whiche oy you loketh euer newe & freshe
But he is not as he dooth apere
Loke ye kepe you ay out of his daungere
And soo the victory shall ye obteyne
Vyce fro you exyled & Vertue in you reyne

And they shall ye haue the tryũphall guerdon
That god reserued to euery creature
Aboue in his celestyall mansyon
Joye & blysse infynyte eternally to endure
wherof we say we wolde fayne bẽ sure
But the way thyderwarde to holde be we lothe
That oft sythe causeth ỹ good lord to be wrothe

And by our deserte our habytacyon chaũgeth
fro Joye to payne & woo perpetuelly
from his glorious syght thus he vs estraũgeth
for our vycyous lyuyng thorugh our owne folly
wherfore let vs praye to that lorde of glory
whyle we in erthe be ỹ he wyll yeue vs grace
So vs here to guyde that we may haue a place

Accordyng to oure Regeneracyon
with heuenly spyrytes his name to magnyfy
whiche downe descendeth for oure redempcyon
Offryng hymselfe on the crosse to his fad on hy
Now benygne Jhesu that borey was of Mary

All that to this vysyon haue gyuē her audyence
Graunte eternall Joye after thy last sentence

A M E N

Here endeth a lytyll Tratyse
named Le assemble de dyeus

hic iacet in titibo, Willicoculus filius ego
Clericus iste ville, orate pro anima illi.

Mutmgra timurna fatimnt rectissima curna
Cū moritur dines concurrnnt mnlti cines
At paup fimus, vix transit pē clarcus vnus
Si fueris fortis, ne des tua robera scortis
Nam scribitur in portis